

CDC
STRANGE
SUSPENSE STORIES

No 28

NEW AND DIFFERENT

STRANGE

SUSPENSE STORIES

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE



AUTHORITY

10¢

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

I'VE BEEN WAITING
300 YEARS FOR THIS
MOMENT... CHOOSE
YOUR WEAPON!



GIORDANO
MASCIA



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM



Come on, Buddy, Quit being A BAG-of-BONES Weakling like I was

IN 10 MINUTES OF FUN A DAY YOU Can do ALL I did!

I gained 25 Terrific LBS. of HANDSOME POWER-PACKED MUSCLES all over!

I improved my HE-MAN LOOKS 1000%

I won NEW STRENGTH for money-making work!
for WINNING at all SPORTS!

I won NEW POPULARITY Won NEW FRIENDS, BOYS & GIRLS
NEW CHANCES for BUSINESS SUCCESS

How did I do ALL This? I mailed the Coupon and got These 5 PICTURE PACKED HE MAN COURSES

Which YOU can NOW get FREE

BEFORE \$1 PRICE GOES BACK Millions Sold for \$1.

"I'm PROUD to be seen with Jim NOW! Every-body admires his build," says Nellie. "Jim can lift the front of a 2700 lb. car. He amazes his friends!"

You'll be a Real ATHLETE in ALL SPORTS Soon after YOU mail Coupon.

Jim is a WINNER in ALL SPORTS NOW. YOU will be, too, soon.

COME ON, PAL, NOW YOU give me 10 PLEASANT MINUTES A DAY IN YOUR OWN HOME like Jim did and I'll give YOU A NEW HE-MAN BODY for your OLD SKELETON FRAME

"Congratulations, John! At last you mailed the coupon as EVERY MAN should. Soon You'll be as big and strong as I am," says Jim Norman to John Luckus

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are I'll make you OVER by the SAME method I turned myself from a wreck to the strongest of the strong. Why can't I do for you what I did for MANY THOUSANDS of skinny fellows like You?

Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES Gain Pounds, INCHES FAST!

YES! You'll see INCHES of MIGHTY MUSCLE added to your ARMS and CHEST. Your BACK and SHOULDERS broadened. From head to heels you'll gain SIZE, POWER, SPEED. You'll be A WINNER IN EVERYTHING you tackle.

LAST CHANCE-ALL FREE COUPON

1. FIVE COURSES 2. MUSCLE METER

Dept. CH-61

3. Photo Book of STRONG MEN

Tell Me How To Win \$100, etc.

"Jewett Courses created in World War Building All Around HE-BEN" - R F Kelley Photo Director

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL TRAINING 220 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.
Dear George. Please mail to me FREE Jewett's Photo Book of Strong Men and a Muscle Meter, plus all 5 HE-MAN Building Courses: 1. How to Build a Mighty Chest. 2. How to Build a Mighty Arm. 3. How to Build a Mighty Grip. 4. How to Build a Mighty Back. 5. How to Build Mighty Legs. Now all in one Volume "How to become a Mighty HE-MAN". ENCLOSED FIND 10¢ FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING (no C.O.D.).

NAME _____ AGE _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

SAVES you YEARS and DOLLARS!!!



Mail the "ALL FREE" coupon get this "AMAZING SECRETS" Photo Book

You'll LOOK, FEEL, ACT, like A Real HE-MAN! Win Women and Men Friends. Win in Sports! Win Promotion, Praise, Popularity

This BOOK will also show You HOW YOU CAN WIN \$100.00 and a BIG 15" tall SILVER TROPHY (Your Name On It)

Hi Pal! Win \$100 as I just did!

YOU CAN WIN a BIG 15" SILVER CUP as I just did! with YOUR NAME engraved on it!



JIM NORMAN

AFTER

He Mailed Coupon Below is Cleveland

BEFORE

He Mailed Coupon

90 lb. Skeleton

He says,

I gained

70 lbs.

of mighty muscle



Mail Coupon in Time for FREE offer and PRIZES!

STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

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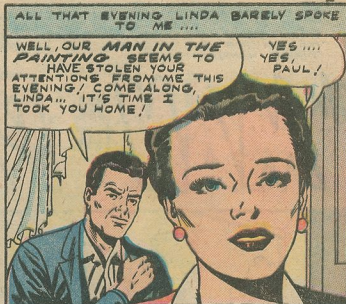
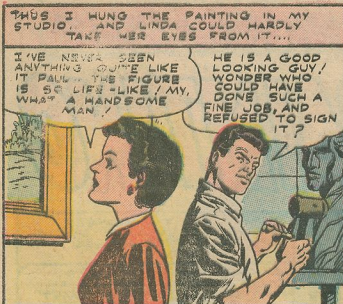
STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

I CANNOT EXPECT YOU TO BELIEVE MY STORY... FOR EVEN I, MYSELF, WAKE UP IN THE COLD CHILL OF DAWN HOPING AGAINST HOPE IT HAS ALL BEEN SOME BIZARRE NIGHTMARE... BUT THEN THE DAY BEGINS AND AS MY SENSES CLEAR, I REALIZE ONLY TOO WELL I HAVE NOT DREAMED THESE THINGS ABOUT

The MAN IN THE PAINTING



STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES



STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

THE NEXT MORNING I EXCITEDLY TOLD LINDA MY EXPERIENCE OF THE NIGHT BEFORE ... BUT SHE WAS UNCONCERNED ... ALOOF...

GOOD GRIEF, LINDA ... DON'T YOU CARE THAT SOME-ONE BROKE IN HERE LAST NIGHT? HE MIGHT HAVE TAKEN MY LIFE ...!

BUT, PAUL, YOU SAY THAT HE VANISHED INTO *THIN AIR* ... I'M SURE YOU WERE JUST HAVING A NIGHTMARE!



PAUL / HE MUST HAVE A NAME ... THE MAN IN THE PAINTING / I'M GOING TO CALL HIM ... *OLIVER!*

OH, DEVIL TAKE THE MAN IN THE PAINTING!



HE'S SO PROUD AND GRACEFUL ... A GENTLEMAN WHO LIVED IN AN ERA OF COURTLY MANNERS ... DON'T YOU THINK THE NAME FITS HIM *PERFECTLY*, PAUL?

LINDA / STOP THAT NONSENSE! THIS FOOLISHNESS HAS GONE FAR ENOUGH ... IT'S JUST A SECOND-RATE PAINTING PICKED UP IN AN OLD ANTIQUE SHOP!



DON'T SAY THAT! IT'S NOT A SECOND-RATE PAINTING! IT HAS MORE BEAUTY ... AND CULTURE THAN YOU'LL EVER KNOW!!

GREAT CAESAR! WHAT'S GOTTEN INTO HER? SHE ACTS AS IF I HAD INSULTED ... A FRIEND!



THAT EVENING SLEEP ELUDED ME AS LINDA'S ACTIONS PREYED ON MY MIND...

HOW IN THUNDERATION CAN I WORK WITH LINDA ACTING LIKE THAT?



WHA...? LINDA ... WALKING WITH A MAN ... A MAN IN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY DRESS!



DAVY TO THE RESCUE!



GIVEN! BOYS! GIRLS! LADIES! MEN!

WE GIVE YOU CASH OR PREMIUMS!

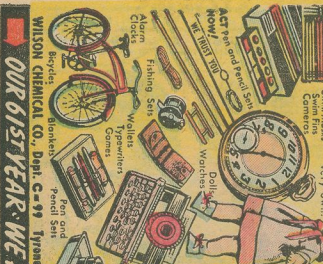


LIVE PONY!
Yessiree, a real live Pony for your very own.

GOLLY! I NEVER SAW SUCH NEAT THINGS! WHERE'D YOU GET THEM?
I EARNED 'EM IN MY SPARE TIME SELLING WHITE CLOVERINE BRAND. SALVE - IT WAS EASY!

DID YA BEING IN JUNS AND SEND HEAR IN THAT COUPON SO WE CAN EARN SOME SWELL PREMIUMS TOOL!
YEAH - LET'S GIVE UP BEING IN JUNS AND SEND HEAR IN THAT COUPON SO WE CAN EARN SOME SWELL PREMIUMS TOOL!

MAIL COUPON GET BIG CATALOG
Condid Cameros with carrying case, Telescope, Watches (sent ppd.) SIMPLY GIVE pictures with WHITE CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives or 35c a box (with picture). Alarm Clocks, Biffocks, Bibles, Blankets, Movie Machines, Pen & Pencil Sets, Record Players, Roller Skates, IT'S FUN!



MAIL COUPON

Send coupon on postal card or mail in envelope to:

Wilson Chemical Co., Dept. C-99 Tyreus, Pa. 15094

NAME _____

AGE _____

SEX _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

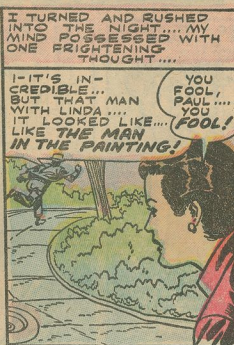
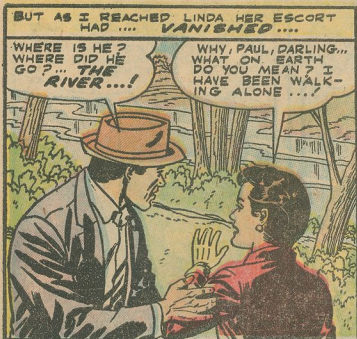
STATE _____

ZIP _____

SEND COUPON ON POSTAL CARD OR MAIL IN ENVELOPE TO:

OUR 61ST YEAR - WE ARE RELIABLE! MAIL COUPON NOW! WE TRUST YOU

STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES



STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES



HOW LONG I DOZED I DO NOT KNOW... BUT I WAS AWAKENED BY A NUDGE ON MY FOREHEAD AND

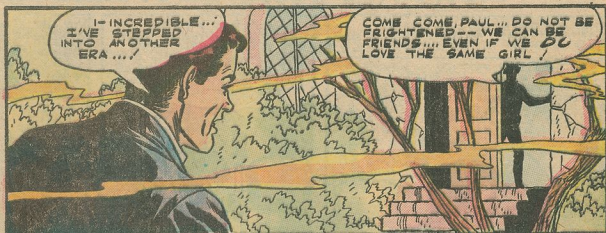


HIS TAUNTING LAUGHTER DROVE ME WILD WITH RAGE... DESPERATELY I CHASED HIM TOWARD THE PAINTING AND...



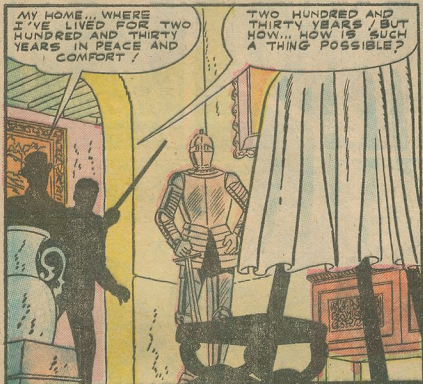
STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

THE
WILDEST
NIGHTMARE
WAS NEVER
LIKE THIS...
I WAS IN
ANOTHER
WORLD...
A WORLD OF
THE
PAST



I-INCREDIBLE...
I'VE STRIPPED
INTO ANOTHER
ERA...

COME COME, PAUL... DO NOT BE
FRIGHTENED... WE CAN BE
FRIENDS, EVEN IF WE DO
LOVE THE SAME GIRL!

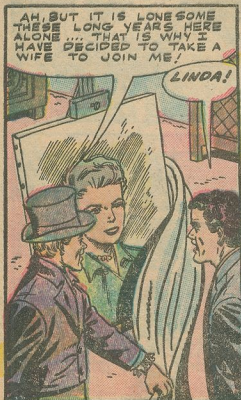


MY HOME... WHERE
I'VE LIVED FOR TWO
HUNDRED AND THIRTY
YEARS IN PEACE AND
COMFORT!

TWO HUNDRED AND
THIRTY YEARS, BUT
HOW... HOW IS SUCH
A THING POSSIBLE?



A GLASS OF WINE
FOR OUR GUEST,
DUBOIS... IT WAS
BECAUSE OF THE
PAINTING YOU
PURCHASED,
PAUL! I PAINTED
IT... AND IN SO
DOING I MADE
MYSELF IMMORTAL!



AH, BUT IT IS LONESOME
THESE LONG YEARS HERE
ALONE... THAT IS WHY I
HAVE DECIDED TO TAKE A
WIFE TO JOIN ME!

LINDA!



A PITY I MUST TAKE HER
FROM YOU, BUT THAT IS
THE WAY OF LOVE... YOUR
WINE, PAUL!

BLAST
THE
WINE!



I'LL...
I'LL...

YOU CANNOT
HARM ME, PAUL!
I ONLY TAKE
PHYSICAL
FORM WHEN I
ENTER YOUR
WORLD THROUGH
THE PAINTING!
TRUSS HIM UP,
DUBOIS... LEAST
HE DAMAGE MY
WORKS OF ART!

STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

THE STRENGTH OF HIS LITTLE SERVANT WAS ASTONISHING... I WAS LIKE A CHILD IN HIS GRASP....

YOU SEE, SAD FRIEND, ONCE I HAVE COMPLETED LINDA'S PORTRAIT SHE WILL BE IMMORTAL ALSO... AND SHE CAN JOIN ME HERE.... FOREVER....!

NO! NO!
YOU ARE MAD, YOU COULD NEVER TAKE LINDA FROM ME! SHE'S MINE... SHE LOVES ONLY ME!



ALAS, SAD FRIEND, THAT WAS **ONCE** TRUE! BUT YOU YOURSELF HAVE SEEN HOW LONGINGLY SHE GAZES AT MY FACE IN THE PAINTING... NO, YOU HAVE LOST, PAUL...!



MY BRAIN ACHED, THROBBED WITH FURY AS HE SPOKE HIS MADNESS... AND ALL THE WHILE MY WRISTS WERE THRUST AGAINST THE CANDLE FLAME...

AH, I AM NEARLY FINISHED... SHE IS SO BEAUTIFUL!

I MUST FREE MYSELF! I MUST!



SUDDENLY, I WAS FREE....

YOU'LL NEVER GET HER! I'LL BURN THAT ACCURSED PAINTING OF YOU I BOUGHT, I'LL TAKE HER AWAY... SHE'LL FORGET YOU....!

NO!
IT IS TOO LATE, PAUL!



GET OUT OF MY WAY!!

LET HIM PASS, DUBOIS... WE MUST BE FAIR IN THIS MATTER OF HEART... HE SHALL HAVE HIS CHANCE.



HIS MOCKING LAUGH FOLLOWED ME AS I RAN THROUGH THE MIST....

LINDA... LINDA... I MUST SAVE HER !!



STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES



ABRUPTLY, MY REELING SENSE IS CLEARED... I LOOKED UP AND A FLOOD OF RELIEF SWEEPED OVER ME AS

WHA....? I-I FELL ASLEEP! IT WAS JUST A DREAM... I WAS DREAMING IT ALL !!



QUICKLY, I PHONED LINDA ONLY TO FIND THAT...

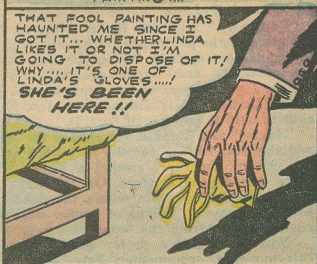
WHY LINDA LEFT FOR YOUR STUDIO OVER AN HOUR AGO, PAUL !

OH, I SEE THANK YOU ! PERHAPS SHE DID SOME SHOPPING ON THE WAY !

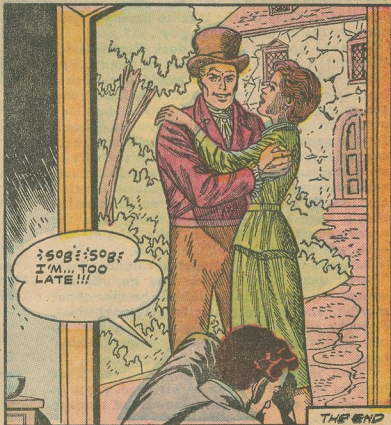


THEN, AS I TURNED TOWARD THE PAINTING

THAT FOOL PAINTING HAS HAUNTED ME SINCE I GOT IT... WHETHER LINDA LIKES IT OR NOT I'M GOING TO DISPOSE OF IT! WHY.... IT'S ONE OF LINDA'S GLOVES....! **SHE'S BEEN HERE !!**



I LOOKED UP AND MY WORLD EXPLODED IN MY FACE ... THE NIGHTMARE WAS A REALITY....



!SOB!!SOB!! I'M... TOO LATE !!!

THE END



SALTED TALE

CLEAR LAKE was living up to its name that day. It was a flat blue mirror, placid and unruffled, reflecting the broiling sun overhead. The red belly of the overturned canoe made a gay smudge against the cobalt water.

Ronnie Harris, young State Trooper, was not at all gay. With an older man, Pat Roche, he stood in the bow of the police boat and watched as men righted the canoe and towed it to a near shore. That was that, Ronnie thought. Or was it? Was it a simple drowning, as it appeared to be? An accident that had happened to a man named Charles Jenkins? Ronnie had to be sure. It was the first time he had ever been in charge of a case.

"Poor guy," said Pat Roche, motioning to the stern of the police boat where a still figure lay under a tarpaulin. "Guess he was fishing or something and tipped over. Canoes are tricky. I got ducked myself once when I was a kid. Darned lonely around here, too. Not a soul to help if you get in trouble."

"Maybe," said Ronnie. He started the motor and the boat headed for the tiny dock at the far end of the lake, around a bend, where there was a general store. On the way they passed the lonely cabin where the dead man had been staying. Wisps of smoke were still curling lazily from the stone chimney.

"Must have had a pretty good fire going this morning," commented Pat. "Still smoking. Probably ate his breakfast early, looking forward to a day on the lake, to having a good time on his vacation. Poor guy . . ."

As they approached the dock Ronnie said: "Doesn't it strike you as sort of funny, Pat, that a fellow like Jenkins would drown in a lake as calm as a mill pond? We don't know too much about him yet, of course, but look at the facts. This isn't a tourist spot. Except for the general store, and Jenkins' cabin, there are no other folks around. This is the sort of spot that experienced hunters and fishermen, real woodsmen, would pick. And men like that can usually swim. Or, if they couldn't swim, they'd have sense enough to hang onto the canoe and paddle into land. Take Jenkins now—he was no green kid!"

Pat gave the young trooper a searching look. "Better take it easy, kid. You go off half cocked, start spouting a lot of theories about murder, and you're going to get laughed at. It looks like a plain and simple accident to me. You forgetting that knock on Jenkins' head?"

"That bothers me, too," said Ronnie. "That lump is right on the top of his head, right in the middle of the crown. How'd he manage

to strike his head that way?"

After the body was taken away, and Pat had departed, Ronnie stayed behind to talk to old Mr. Hanly, owner of the general store. Hanly was stooped, with graying hair. He peered over rimless glasses at Ronnie.

"Terrible thing," he said "Terrible! Going to hit Mr. Maxwell awful hard, I'm afraid. They was such good friends, shared that cabin and all. Came here every year about this time. Just shows you, though. You never know! In here yesterday, they was, both of them. Laughing and joking, as gay as you'd want."

"Tell me about this Maxwell," asked Ronnie.

The old man continued with evident relish. "Name is Gordon Maxwell. He and poor Mr. Jenkins was partners in some business, I think. A big garage or something. Way they worked it was one of them would come up here for a spell, while the other one watched over the business. Except some weekends, when they'd both be at the cabin together."

"This is the middle of the week," Ronnie said. "What was Maxwell doing here yesterday if Jenkins was already here?"

The storekeeper shook his head. "You don't understand, son. Mr. Maxwell drove Mr. Jenkins up yesterday, but he didn't stay. He went back last night. I know because I was here when they came in to buy their salt. Jenkins put the salt in his canoe and went back to the cabin, while Maxwell drove away toward the city. I remember them joking about making Mr. Jenkins carry all that salt."

Ronnie was bewildered. "Not so fast, old timer. Tell me about the salt. Why did they need a lot of salt?"

The old man snorted. "They didn't! Leastways not a hundred pounds. But Mr. Jenkins was that kind hearted—he liked to put salt around the cabin for deer, or any other animals that came around. So I sold it to him, naturally."

Ronnie considered a moment, then asked, "You're positive that Maxwell drove away? He didn't go back to the cabin with Jenkins?"

Anger quavered in Mr. Hanly's voice. "I still got good eyes, young feller. Jenkins went back alone with the salt, like I said. And I see what you're getting at, too. That maybe Mr. Maxwell killed his friend! But he didn't—he couldn't! I know!"

"How do you know?"

Hanly held up one skinny finger. "One—because I got trout lines down around the bend, close to that cabin, and I tended them every morning real early. I tended them this morning and there was smoke coming from

the chimney. But no car. So I reckon Jenkins was there and Maxwell wasn't. Anyway the road passes this store and I'd hear any car that went up there.

"Two—there wasn't no canoe or body floating in the lake when I was around that way this morning! I was all over the lake and I'd of seen it sure. No—poor Mr. Jenkins was in his cabin, fixing his breakfast like I say. He must have come out later, after I got back here to the store. Then when I went down to the dock I saw the canoe floating upside down and called you fellers! That enough for you, young man?"

Ronnie grinned. "Maybe it is, old timer. Maybe it is!"

He took the police boat back down the lake to the cabin. The door was still ajar, and Ronnie entered quietly, feeling almost like an interloper. Rapidly he went over the cabin. A few embers still glowed in the fireplace and Ronnie stirred them with a stick, saw that Jenkins had been burning boxes or crates of some sort, as well as the logs that were stacked against the wall. As he bent toward the fire a strong, oily odor struck his nostrils. He was familiar with the smell, but at the moment he could not identify it. He shrugged and went on with his search. A half hour later he emerged from the cabin, knowing now that his suspicions had been justified.

No salt! Ronnie frowned. The old storekeeper had said that Jenkins had carried home a hundred pounds of salt the night before, yet all the salt in the cabin now was in the shaker. Remembering, he searched the vicinity of the cabin. He found the salt holders, where the deer were given the stuff, but they were empty. Very odd! He wondered if the salt had been ordinary table salt, or the rock variety. You usually gave animals the latter.

Later, when Mr. Hanly said it had been rock salt he'd sold to the men, Ronnie thought he knew. He also knew that he would have a tough time proving what he knew! Very tough—unless he could set a trap. He ordered more salt from the storekeeper, only twenty-five pounds this time, and left the man staring after him. Ronnie went to get Pat Roche. He needed help in baiting his trap. He also talked to the police surgeon.

It was late that afternoon when the two troopers reached the lake again. This time they had Mr. Howard Maxwell with them. Maxwell was a tall man, well over six feet, with a tiny brown moustache over a weak, rather pursy mouth. He was also considerably agitated.

"I pulln't understand this," he grumbled. "Pulling me away from my business on a fool's errand. You've got no right! Jenkins was my partner and my friend, and I'm as sorry as can be, but what good can I do? I don't know anything about the way he drowned. The way

you act you'd think I had something to do with it."

"Just routine," explained Ronnie. He winked at Pat Roche. "The boat ready, Pat? I just want to show Mr. Maxwell where his friend died. Maybe he can give us some idea how it happened."

Ronnie helped Maxwell into the police boat with a firm grip. A moment later they were speeding toward the spot where the red canoe had floated that morning. Maxwell went a little white beneath his heavy tan. "I—I don't like this," he complained. "It's ghoulish! I demand to be taken back."

"In just a few minutes," said Ronnie. He slowed the boat. They drifted slowly over the spot where Jenkins' body had been fished from the water that morning. In the west the sun was sinking, a red ball of flame splintering on the now dark water. A little breeze sprang up, moaning eerily in the willows lining the bank. The boat glided quietly, the three men unspeaking. Ronnie sneaked a glance at Maxwell, saw the man's mouth working convulsively. Ronnie turned back to stare at the water. Shouldn't be long now!

Suddenly, just beside them, the water began to boil. It swirled in a miniature whirlpool. Something white bobbed to the surface, went under again, came back. Then the thing floated, staring up at them. The dead face of Charles Jenkins!

Maxwell began to scream, little piercing yells of agony and fear. Listening, the two troopers shuddered as the man cried out his story of murder and confession.

LATER when Maxwell was in a cell, Ronnie explained to Pat Roche: "He did it with the rock salt, Pat. Yesterday he left, but circled around and came back on foot. He killed Jenkins with a blow on the head, then sunk the body and the canoe in the lake. He weighted them with the hundred pounds of rock salt, knowing it would be about twelve hours before the salt dissolved and the canoe and body came up. He put a candle on a box in the fireplace in the cabin, let it burn down and started a fire later so it would look like Jenkins was home. I found the tallow. Old Hanly almost gave him a perfect alibi, because the body *hadn't* come up yet when he made his rounds. But I couldn't find the salt, and when the surgeon said Jenkins had salt all over him I got suspicious enough to set the trap. And now we know that Maxwell had been stealing money from the partnership and was afraid Jenkins would find out."

Pat shivered. "It was a good trap, Ronnie, but count me out from now on. A death mask, a dummy, and twenty-five pounds of salt can almost scare a fellow to death."

THE END

STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

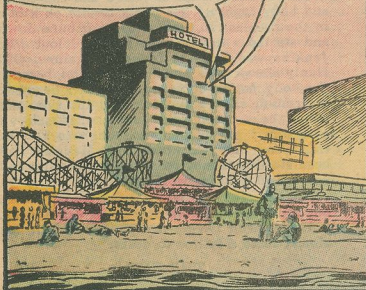
TED NELSON WAS A FAILURE
UNTIL HE OBTAINED THE...

MAGIC DOLL



I DON'T KNOW WHY WE
KEEP YOU ON, TED, YOU'VE
HAD THE LOWEST SALES
PERCENTAGE EVER SINCE
YOU'VE BEEN WITH US! YOU
MUST USE THIS ROOM AS A
RESORT, NOT A **SALES**
HEADQUARTERS!

THAT'S NOT
SO, MR. OLSEN!
YOU KNOW
IT'S NOT!



AS LONG AS I'VE BEEN
SALES MANAGER FOR
GLAMOR WATCHES, I'VE
NEVER SEEN ANYTHING
AS BAD AS THESE SALES
REPORTS... EITHER YOU
BRING YOUR AVERAGE UP,
OR YOU'RE **THROUGH!**

OKAY, MR. OLSEN,
I GUESS
THERE'S NO
ARGUMENT!



Now! The Amazing Facts about

BALDNESS

...AND WHAT YOU CAN DO ABOUT IT



The following facts are brought to the attention of the public because of a widespread belief that nothing can be done about hair loss. This belief has no basis in medical fact. Worse, it has condemned many men and women to needless baldness by their neglect to treat certain accepted causes of hair loss.

There are six principal types of hair loss, or *alopecia*, as it is known in medical terms:

1. Alopecia from diseases of the scalp
2. Alopecia from other diseases or from an improper functioning of the body
3. Alopecia of the aged (senile baldness)
4. Alopecia areata (loss of hair in patches)
5. Alopecia of the young (premature baldness)
6. Alopecia at birth (congenital baldness)

Senile, premature and congenital alopecia cannot be helped by anything now known to modern science. Alopecia from improper functioning of the body requires the advice and treatment of your family physician.

BUT MANY MEDICAL AUTHORITIES NOW BELIEVE A SPECIFIC SCALP DISEASE IS THE MOST COMMON CAUSE OF HAIR LOSS. This disease is called *Seborrhea* and can be broadly classified into two clinical forms with the following symptoms:

1. DRY SEBORRHEA: The hair is dry, lifeless, and without gloss. A dry flaky dandruff is usually present with accompanying itches. Hair loss is considerable and increases with the progress of this disease.

2. OILY SEBORRHEA: The hair and scalp are oily and greasy. The hair is slightly sticky to the touch and has a tendency to mat together. Dandruff takes the form of head scales. Scalp is usually itchy. Hair loss is severe with baldness as the end result.

Many doctors agree that to **NEGLECT** these symptoms of **DRY** and **OILY SEBORRHEA** is to **INVITE BALDNESS**.

Seborrhea is believed to be caused by three germ organisms—*staphylococcus albus*, *pytiorporus ovale*, and *acnes bacillus*.

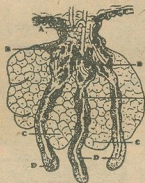
These germs attack the sebaceous gland causing an abnormal working of this fat gland. The hair follicle, completely surrounded by the enlarged diseased sebaceous gland, then begins to atrophy. The hair produced becomes smaller and smaller until the hair follicle dies. Baldness is the inevitable result. (See illustration.)

But seborrhea can be controlled, particularly in its early stages. The three germ organisms believed to cause seborrhea, can and should be eliminated before they destroy your normal hair growth.

A post-war development, Comate Medicinal Formula kills these three germ organisms on contact. Proof of Comate's germ-killing properties has been demonstrated in laboratory tests recently conducted by one of the leading testing laboratories in America. (Complete report on file and copies are available on request.)

When used as directed, Comate Medicinal Formula controls seborrhea—stimulates the flow of blood to the scalp—helps stop scalp itch and burn—improves the appearance of your hair and scalp—helps STOP HAIR LOSS due to seborrhea. Your hair looks more attractive and alive.

You may safely follow the example of thousands who first were skeptical, then curious, and finally decided to avail themselves of Comate Medicinal Formula.



**DESTRUCTION OF HAIR FOLLICLES
Caused By Seborrhea**

A — Dead hairs; B — Hair-destroying bacteria; C — Hypertrophied sebaceous glands; D — Atrophic follicles.

A Few of the Many Grateful Expressions By Users of Comate Medicinal Formula

"My hair was coming out for years and I tried everything. Nothing stopped it until I tried Comate. Now my hair has stopped coming out. It looks so much thicker. My friends have noticed my hair and they all say it looks so much better."

—Mrs. R.E.J., Stevenson, Ala.

"Your hair formula got rid of my dandruff; my head does not itch any more. I think it is the best of all of the formulas I have used."

—E.E., Hamilton, Ohio.

"Your formula is everything you claim it to be and the first 10 day trial freed me of a very bad case of dry seborrhea."

—J.E.M., Long Beach, Calif.

"I do want to say that just within five days I have obtained a great improvement in my hair. I do want to thank you and the Comate Laboratories for producing such a wonderful and amazing formula."

—M.M., Johnstown, Pa.

"I have found almost instant relief. My itching has stopped with one application."

—J.N., Stockton, Calif.

"My hair looks thicker, not falling out like it used to. Will not be without Comate in the house."

—R.W., Lonsdale, R. I.

"I haven't had any trouble with dandruff since I started using Comate."

—L.W.W., Galveston, Tex.

"This formula is everything if not more than you say it is. I am very happy with what it's doing for my hair."

—T.J., Las Cruces, New Mexico

"I find it stops the itch and retards the hair fall. I am thankful for the help it has given me in regard to the terrible itching."

—R.B.L., Philadelphia, Pa.

"The bottle of Comate I got from you has done my hair so much good. My hair has been coming out and breaking off for about 21 years. It has improved so much."

—Mrs. J.E., Lisbon, Ga.

Today these benefits are available to you just as they were to these sincere men and women when they first read about Comate. If your hair is thinning, over-dry or over-oily—if you are troubled with dandruff with increasing hair loss—you may well be guided by the laboratory tests and the experience of thousands of grateful men and women.

Remember, if your hair loss is due to Seborrhea, Comate, CAN and MUST help you. If it is due to causes beyond the reach of Comate Medicinal Formula, you have nothing to lose because our GUARANTY POLICY assures the return of your money unless delighted. So why delay when that delay may cause irreparable damage to your hair and scalp. Just mail the coupon below.

© 1950 Comate Laboratories Inc., 18 West 45 Street, N.Y. 36, N.Y.

**COMATE LABORATORIES INC., DEPT. 6611K
18 West 45 Street, N.Y. 36, N.Y.**

Please rush my bottle (30-days supply) of Comate Hair and Scalp Formula in plain wrapper. I must be completely satisfied or you guarantee refund of my money upon return of bottle and unused portion.

☐ Enclosed fill \$5.00, Send postpaid. (Check, cash, money order.)

☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman \$5.00 plus postal charges.

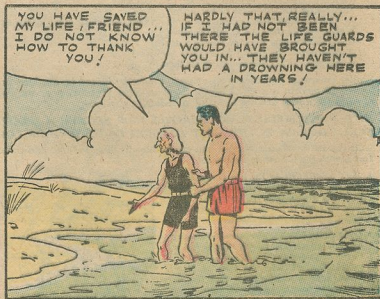
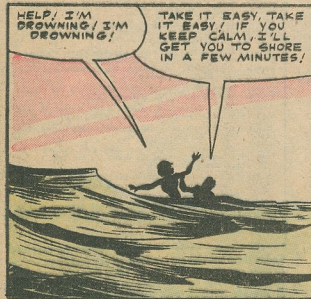
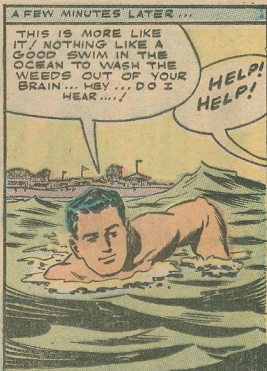
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City Zone State

AFO, FPO, Canada and Foreign—No C.O.D.'s

STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES



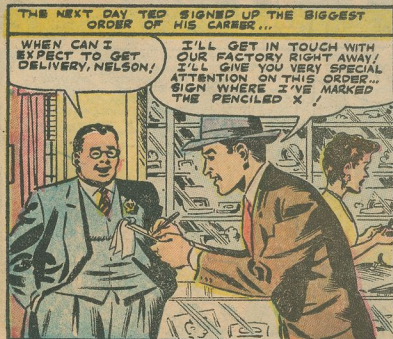
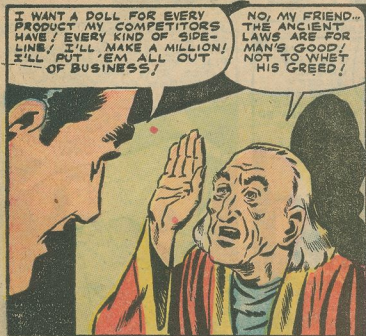
STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES



STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

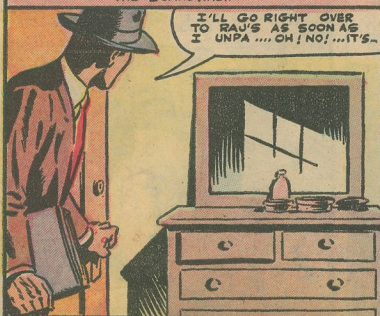


DURING THE FOLLOWING WEEK TED NELSON SOLD AS HE NEVER HAD BEFORE... HE RETURNED WITH A THOUSAND PLANS BUDDING IN HIS MIND...



STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

THAT EVENING TED ARRIVED AT HIS HOTEL NEAR THE BOARDWALK...



IT'S GONE! THE DOLL'S GONE!!



PAU, THE DOLL'S GONE!
IT'S GONE!
SOMEONE'S
STOLEN IT!!

I KNOW ... I AM
THE ONE RE-
SPONSIBLE! I
BRIBED A HOTEL
EMPLOYEE TO DIS-
POSE OF IT, AS
SOON AS YOU LEFT
ON YOUR SHORT
JOURNEY!!



BUT WHY? JUST WHEN I HAVE SOLD
MY LARGEST ORDER? JUST WHEN
SUCCESS WAS RIGHT AT
MY FINGER TIPS?



YOU DO NOT NEED THE DOLL, MY FRIEND.
THE DOLL WAS NOT THE REASON FOR
YOUR SUCCESS... YOUR STATE OF MIND IS
WHAT ATTRACTS BUSINESS TO YOU! THE
DOLL MERELY HELPED YOU GET IN THE
RIGHT STATE OF MIND... BUT YOU WERE
BEGINNING TO LEAN TOO HEAVILY ON
THE DOLL ITSELF!



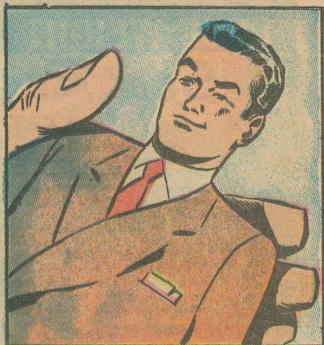
I CAN HARDLY BE-
LIEVE IT... THE OLD
FOX GETTING ME IN
THE RIGHT STATE OF
MIND BY THAT HOKUS
POKUS ABOUT THE
DOLL!



STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES



STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES



Reducing Specialist Says:
LOSE WEIGHT

Where
It
Shows
Most

REDUCE

MOST ANY
PART OF
THE
BODY WITH

Spot Reducer

Don't Stay FAT

LIKE a magic wand, the "Spot Reducer" obeys your every wish. Most any part of your body where it is loose and flabby, wherever you have extra weight and inches, the "Spot Reducer" can aid you in acquiring a youthful, slender and graceful figure. The beauty of this scientifically designed Reducer is that the method is so simple and easy, the results quick, sure and harmless. No exercises or strict diets. No steambaths, drugs or laxatives.

With the SPOT REDUCER you can now enjoy the benefits of RELAXING, SOOTHING massage in the privacy of your own home! Simple to use—just plug in, grasp handle and apply over most any part of the body—stomach, hips, chest, neck, thighs, arms, buttocks, etc. The relaxing, soothing massage breaks down FATTY TISSUES, tones muscles and flesh and the increased awakened blood circulation carries away waste fat—helps you repair and keep a firmer and more GRACEFUL FIGURE!

YOUR OWN PRIVATE MASSEUR AT HOME

When you use the SPOT REDUCER, it's almost like having your own private masseur at home. It's fun reducing this way! It not only helps you reduce and keep slim—but also aids in the relief of those types of aches and pains—and tired nerves that can be helped by massage!

TAKE OFF UGLY FAT!

Don't Stay FAT! — You Can LOSE POUNDS AND INCHES SAFELY without taking MEDICINE

TRY THE SPOT REDUCER TO DAY!
FREE IN YOUR OWN HOME!

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE with a 10-DAY FREE TRIAL

If the "Spot Reducer" does not do the wonders for you as it has for others, if you don't lose weight and inches where you want to lose it most, if you're not 100% delighted with the results, your money will be returned at once.

"Thanks to the Spot Reducer I lost four inches around the hips and three inches around the waistline. It's amazing." Mary Martin, Long Island City, N. Y.

MUSCULAR ACHES: A handy helper for transient relief of discomforts that can be aided by gentle, relaxing massage.

CAN'T SLEEP? Relax with effective Spot Reducer. See how soothing its gentle massage can be. Helps you sleep when massage can be of benefit.

Harlo Hammel, New York, N. Y., says: "I used to wear a size 20 dress, now I wear size 14, thanks to the Spot Reducer. It was fun and I enjoyed it."

A large size jar of Special Formula Body Massage Cream will be included FREE with your order for the "Spot Reducer."

FREE

SENT ON APPROVAL—MAIL COUPON NOW!

Body Massagers, Dept. A-211, 318 Market St., Newark, New Jersey.

Send me at once, for \$2 cash, check or money order, the "Spot Reducer" and your famous Special Formula Body Massage Cream, postpaid. If I am not 100% satisfied, my money will be returned.

☐ I enclose \$2.98, send amazing De Luxe Model.

Name

Address

City..... State.....

12 CHILDREN'S DRESSES ALL FOR ONLY 3.45 used

Tremendous assortment! Good condition, ready to wear. Washable, colorful cottons! Price includes all 12 dresses!

Only FIT-RITE offers 12 Children's Dresses at this low LOW price!

Sizes 1-6X \$3.45
Sizes 7-14 \$3.95

FREE GIFT WITH EVERY ORDER!
RUSH ORDER NOW! Send \$1 deposit now! Pay postman balance plus C.O.D. and postage.
\$1 DEPOSIT MUST ACCOMPANY ORDER!
No order accepted without \$1 deposit.

FIT-RITE MAIL ORDER HOUSE
15 HESTER ST., DEPT. CH-56, NEW YORK 2, N. Y.

Age	Size	Price
NAME _____		
ADDRESS _____		
CITY _____	STATE _____	
NO ORDER ACCEPTED WITHOUT \$1 DEPOSIT.		

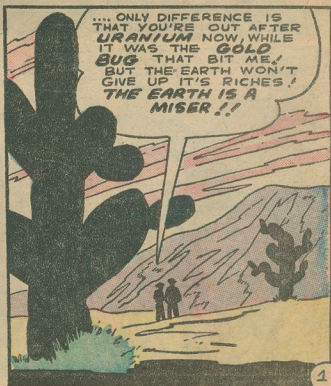
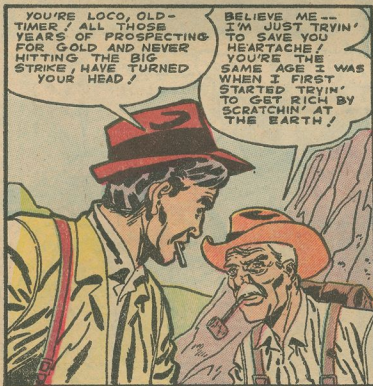
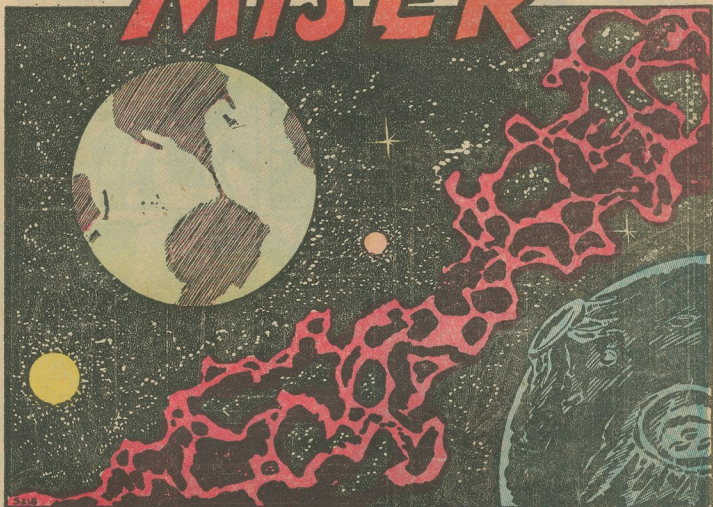
MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

You must be 100% satisfied with merchandise or return within 10 days for refund. BUY FROM U.S. for LOWEST PRICES and HIGHEST QUALITY.

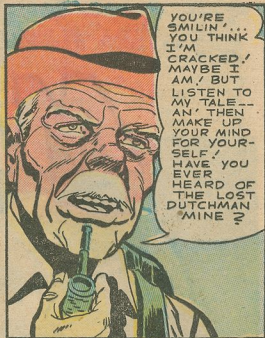
STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

HERE ARE THOSE WHO HAVE FELT THE COLD WIND-- AND HEARD IT'S STRANGE WHINE, LIKE CRUEL SIGHING, LAUGHTER, AND THE CHILL LEFT IN THEIR HEARTS, BY THAT WIND, NEVER SUBSIDES-- FOR FROM THAT MOMENT ON, THEIRS IS A TERRIBLE GRIM, HALF-MAD CERTAINTY THAT **THE EARTH IS A.....**

MISER



STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES



THIS WAS A HEAP OF TIME AGO... I WAS YOUNGER-- BUT ALREADY STARTIN' TO SOUR... ALREADY SURE THAT BY PROSPECTIN'-- I WAS PLAYIN' A LOSIN' HAND...



I'LL COME ALONG ALL RIGHT-- BUT ONLY BECAUSE THE BUG BIT ME SO HARD IN THE CRABLE, I CAN'T STOP GRUBBIN' FOR THE SHINY STUFF!



STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

WASN'T LONG AFTER THAT APACHE WAS UP ON HIS FEET AGAIN

DEEP INTO APACHE COUNTRY HE LED US TILL AT LAST WE HIT **THE VALLEY....**

IF NOT FOR YOU, I WOULD BE DEAD! NOW I HELP YOU... YOU SEARCH FOR GOLD.... I KNOW WHERE THERE IS MUCH GOLD !!



HE WAS RIGHT! AN' IT WAS ALL SURFACE GOLD.... CHUNKS OF IT LYIN' ABOUT, BIG AS BUFFALO HUMPS ...



WE WENT WILD AT THE SIGHT OF IT.....

YIPPEE! HOORAY!

LOOKS LIKE YOU WERE **WRONG** ABOUT THERE BEING NO CHANCE OF US MAKING A BIG STRIKE, HUH?

I-I SURE WAS! BUT WHO CARES ABOUT HAVIN' BEEN **WRONG!** NOW THAT I AM RICH!

WE WERE ALL SO BUSY CACHIN' THE GOLD NONE OF US NOTICED THAT OUR GUIDE HAD SLIPPED AWAY... **BUT THEN....**

BARR-- ODD HOW THAT COLD WIND BLEW UP SO SUDDEN-LIKE!

LISTEN TO IT! ...LIKE SOMEBODY LAUGHING..... SOMEBODY **CRUEL!**



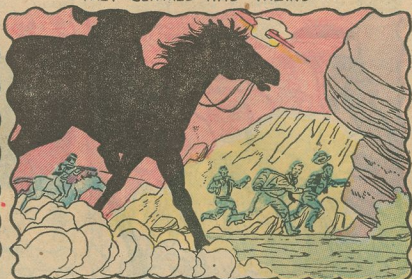
STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

JUST THEN...

**APACHES!
A WAR PARTY!**

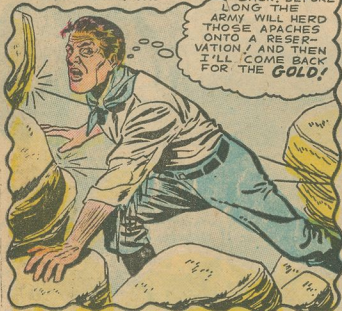


WITHOUT WARNIN'... THEY SWEEPED DOWN ON US... REDSKINS WHO DIDN'T GIVE A HOOT FOR GOLD, BUT WHO WERE READY TO FIGHT TOOTH AN' NAIL FOR THE LAND THEY CLAIMED WAS THEIRS....



I WAS THE ONLY ONE TO GET AWAY....

I'LL COME BACK! BEFORE LONG THE ARMY WILL HERD THOSE APACHES ONTO A RESERVATION! AND THEN I'LL COME BACK FOR THE GOLD!



I MADE MYSELF A MAP... THERE WERE FOUR LANDMARKS, EACH AS CLEAR AS THE FINGERS ON MY HAND... THERE WAS NO CHANCE OF MISSIN' THAT VALLEY... AN THEN I WAITED TILL....



FOLLOWIN' THE MAP, I ROPE FOR THAT GOLD LIKE GREASED LIGHTNING... THE FOUR LANDMARKS WERE STILL THERE -- BUT THE VALLEY WAS NOT... AND AS I STOOD ON THE SPOT WHERE IT SHOULD'VE BEEN --

**THAT WIND!
I CAN FEEL
IT AGAIN...
I CAN HEAR
IT, TOO!**



I'VE NEVER STOPPED LOOKING FOR THAT VALLEY... AN' I'VE NEVER FOUND IT! AN' IT'S THE EARTH THAT'S HIDIN' IT FROM ME... BECAUSE SHE WON'T GIVE UP SUCH A BIG CHUNK OF HER WEALTH! **SHE'S A MISER !!**

**YOU FINISHED,
OLD-TIMER?
O.K.--- I'VE
ALREADY
MADE UP MY
MIND.**



STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

YOU **ARE** LOCO! AND I'VE WASTED TOO MUCH TIME WITH YOU ALREADY! **G-O-O-D-B-Y!**

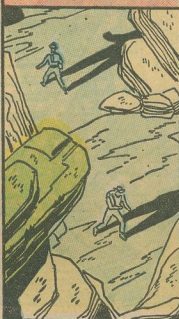


YOU'LL BE READING ABOUT ME IN THE PAPERS... I'M GOING TO BE THE NEXT URANIUM MILLIONAIRE!

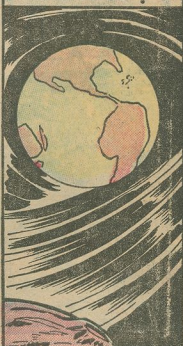
POOR LAD... JUST LIKE ME! HE'LL NEVER STOP LOOKIN'!



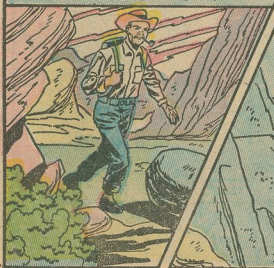
AND SO THE TWO MEN GO THEIR SEPERATE WAYS... THE YOUNG ONE BUOYANT WITH OPTIMISM... THE OLD CRIPPLED BY ONE DESPAIR....



IS THE EARTH A MISER? WHO CAN TELL, WHO HAS NOT FELT AND HEARD **THAT WIND?**



BUT THE VERY NEXT DAY, THE OLD MAN PASSES OVER A FABULOUS CONCENTRATION OF **URANIUM** BECAUSE THERE ARE NO SIGNS OF **GOLD** THEREABOUTS....



AND THE YOUNG MAN WALKS RIGHT BY A **GOLD** VEIN AS THICK AS A BUFFALO'S HUMP, BECAUSE HIS SILENT GEIGER COUNTER TELLS HIM THERE IS NO **URANIUM** IN THE SECTOR....



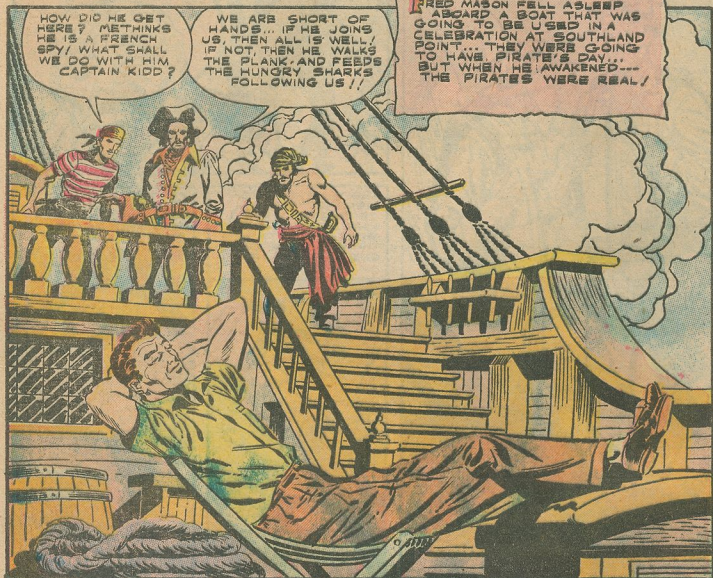
AND AT THAT MOMENT-- OH, SO FAINTLY, THEY **BOTH FEEL THE COLD WIND, AND HEAR IT TOO!**



THE END

STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

PIRATE PERSPECTIVE



HOW DID HE GET HERE? METHINKS HE IS A FRENCH SPY, WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH HIM CAPTAIN KIDD?

WE ARE SHORT OF HANDS... IF HE JOINS US, THEN ALL IS WELL, IF NOT, THEN HE WALKS THE PLANK AND FEEDS THE HUNGRY SHARKS FOLLOWING US!!

FRED MASON FELL ASLEEP ABOARD A BOAT THAT WAS GOING TO BE USED IN A CELEBRATION AT SOUTHLAND POINT... THEY WERE GOING TO HAVE PIRATE'S DAY... BUT WHEN HE AWAKENED... THE PIRATES WERE REAL!

FRED MASON, AN ENGINEER, CAME DOWN TO SOUTHLAND FOR A TWO WEEK VACATION AND REST...

WHAT IS PIRATE'S DAY? ALL OVER TOWN I SEE POSTERS LIKE THIS!

ONCE A YEAR WE CELEBRATE IT... ABOUT THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO, CAPTAIN KIDD ALMOST CAPTURED THIS TOWN... THERE IS A REPLIC OF HIS BOAT IN THE HARBOR... WHY DON'T YOU GO HAVE A LOOK AT IT!!

PIRATE'S DAY
CELEBRATION
12th
10 RIVINGTON

I WOULD LIKE TO GO ON THAT SHIP! THEN I COULD TELL MY FRIENDS I WAS ON A PIRATE SHIP!

TAKE THIS FOLDING CHAIR WITH YOU! WHEN MY DAUGHTER, ANNABELLA RETURNS, YOU WILL HAVE SOME TEA WITH US!



STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

OF COURSE YOU ARE WILLING TO BET TEN TO ONE THAT HE DREAMS ABOUT PIRATES!

IT'S SO COMFORTABLE HERE I THINK I'LL SHUT MY EYES AND REST AWHILE... WHEN I AWAKE I'LL HAVE TEA WITH MR. REYNOLDS... WHY DO ALL THESE FATHERS WANT ME TO MEET THEIR ELIGIBLE DAUGHTER? I'LL HAVE TO BE POLITE TO HER!



WHO IS HE? I DON'T REMEMBER HIM WHEN WE SIGNED ON ALL HANDS... LOOKS LIKE SOME NOBLE-MAN!

METHINKS HE IS A FRENCH SPY! WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH HIM, CAPTAIN KIDD?



IS HE AWAKE? OR DREAMING? ARE THEY REAL PIRATES?

I MUST HAVE OVERLEPT! ARE YOU GOING TO BEGIN THE CELEBRATION NOW? MAY I JOIN YOU?

JUST SIGN YOUR NAME ON THE ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT! THEN YOU WILL HAVE TWO SILVER SHILLINGS TO BIND US!



YOU CERTAINLY DO THINGS IN A REALISTIC MANNER DOWN HERE IN SOUTHLAND! I WOULD ALMOST SWEAR YOU ARE THE REAL THING! HOW ABOUT A PISTOL AND SWORD FOR ME!

YOU SPEAK THE KING'S ENGLISH BUT IN A PECULIAR WAY AS THOUGH YOU WERE MAD! BUT IT TAKES A GOOD MAN TO MAKE A GOOD PIRATE!



QUICK CAPTAIN KIDD! THE LOOK-OUT HAS SPOTTED A MERCHANT-MAN HEADED FOR THE MALABAR COAST! LOOKS LIKE A GOOD CATCH! SHALL WE SWING TWO POINTS TO STARBOARD?

YOU FOOL! SHOULD WE LET SUCH A RICH PRIZE ESCAPE US? GET THE GUNNERS AT THEIR STATIONS! HAUL DOWN OUR FLAG AND RUN UP THE FRENCH FLAG! THEN WHEN THEY COME CLOSER, WE'LL FIGHT THEM!



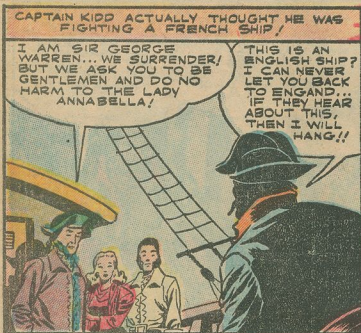
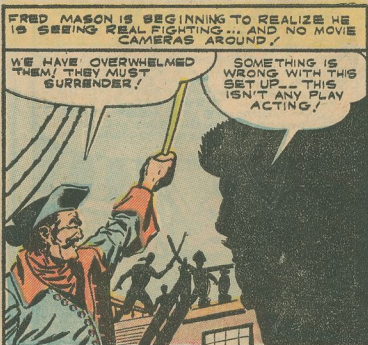
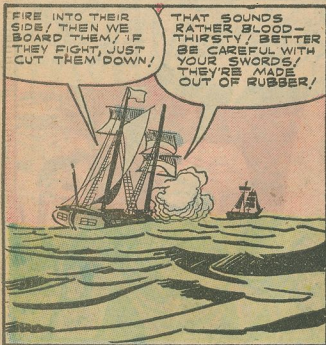
FRED MASON HADN'T REALIZED AS YET THAT HE WAS WITH REAL PIRATES!

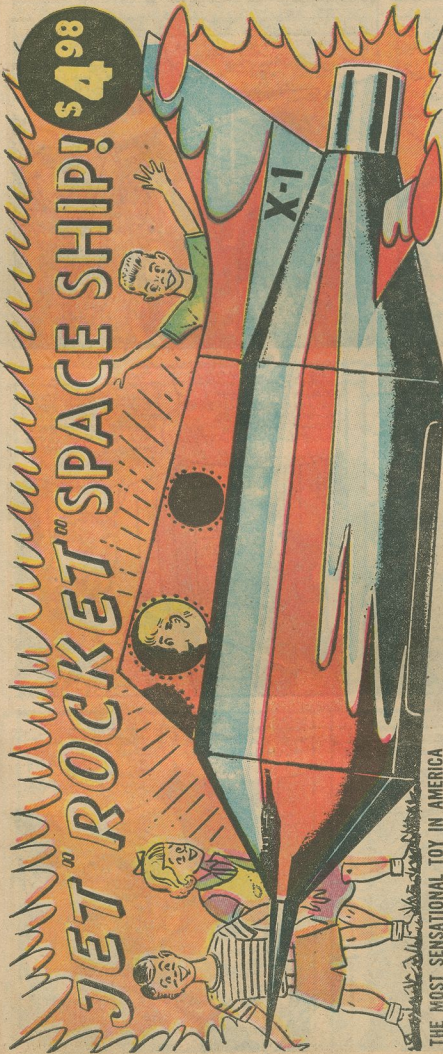
YOU MUST HAVE THE CAMERA MEN CONCEALED SOME PLACE ON THIS SHIP. I WOULDN'T MISS THIS FOR A MILLION!

STOP YOUR FOOLISH PRATTING! YOUR TASK IS TO PROTECT ME!



STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES





\$4.98

JETTM ROCKETTM SPACE SHIP!

THE MOST SENSATIONAL TOY IN AMERICA

It's Gigantic — Over 7 Feet Long Control levers that work!

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Imagine all this!

There you are giving orders as captain of your own sleek, streamlined beauty. You check your radar antenna screen for all clear. You test all radio instruments and equipment. You close the hinged cockpit cover and check your Star Map of space. Then, with all your jet and rocket flying equipment in action, you **BLAST OFF!** You set your course, steering with the directional jets at the stern. You release your powerful disintegrator guns go into action. Your fully-equipped radar instrument panel shows the target. You release your load of powerful nuclear bombs and bullets. You return home victoriously, set your reversing mechanism and you're in for a quick landing. This is just an idea of all the wonderful things you can do with this sensational toy. It will bring you more fun and adventure than you've ever known. Easy to assemble.

FEATURES

- Real Space Ship Design
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- Made of High Strength 3 ply Fiberglass
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10 DAY TRIAL FREE

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35 Wilbur St., Lynbrook, N. Y.

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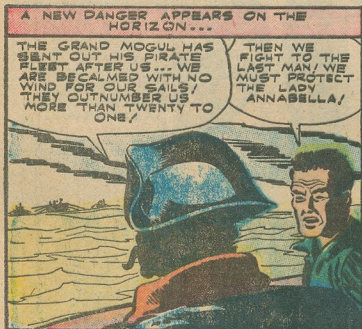


INSTRUMENT PANEL INCLUDES

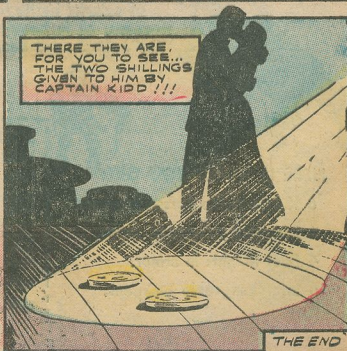
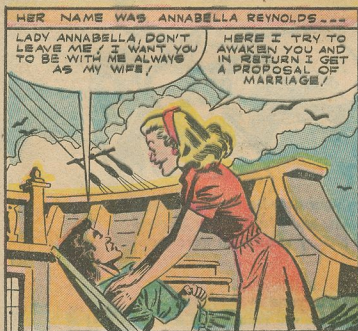
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- JET STEERING LEVERS
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STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES



STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES



THE END

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Here is terrific fun for everyone in the family. For only \$1.00 postpaid we will send you a set of colorful battle horses, men in armor, and weapons, all in beautiful non-breakable plastic. The weapons and banners are interchangeable!



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NO COD'S

Gentlemen:
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NAME

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J. E. SMITH has trained more men for Radio-Television
than any other man. OUR 40th YEAR.

**America's Fast Growing Industry Offers
You Good Pay—Bright Future—Security**

I TRAINED THESE MEN



"Started to repair sets six months after enrolling. Earned \$12 to \$15 a week in spare time."—Adam Kramlik, Jr., Sunnyside, Pennsylvania.



"Up to our necks in Radio-Television work. Four other NRI men work here. Am happy with my work."—Glen Peterson, Bradford, Ont., Canada



"Am doing Radio and Television Servicing full time. Now have my own shop. I owe my success to N.R.I."—Curtis Stath, Ft. Madison, Iowa.



"Am with WCOC. NRI course can't be beat. No trouble passing 1st class Radio-phone license exam."—Jesse W. Parker, Meridian, Mississippi.



"By the time I graduated I had paid for my course, a car and testing equipment. Can service toughest jobs."—E. J. Streitenberger, New Boston, Ohio.

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Training plus opportunity is the PERFECT COMBINATION for job security, good pay, advancement. In good times, the trained man makes the BETTER PAY, GETS PROMOTED. When jobs are scarce, the trained man enjoys GREATER SECURITY. NRI training can help assure you more of the better things of life.

**Start Soon to Make \$10, \$15
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